

SOUTHERN Y. M. C. A. STUDENT CONFERENCE

There are few forces more potent in formative influence on student life than the great summer conferences carried on by the Y. M. C. A. Especially is this true of the Southern Student Conference, which for a number of years past has met at Montreat, N. C., a spot of great natural beauty in the heart of the Appalachians. While behind the colleges and universities of the East and West in some things, in others, the South towers head and shoulders above them. It is an admitted fact that the religious life in southern institutions, on the whole, is more wholesome and strong than in any other section. Certainly the atmosphere of this last conference indicates a student activity in religious work that speaks well for the Southland. The programme this year was exceptionally strong.

Dr. Bosworth of Oberlin gave several splendid addresses, calculated to stimulate devotional life. Dr. Brown of Vanderbilt was very helpful in his clear cut presentation of subjects vital to college men. The missionary addresses of Dr. Zwemer of New York were the kind that sets one on fire for work. Berea College had an able representative in Prof. Ratne. His addresses during the platform hour left a deep impression. The hour set aside each day for the discussion of college problems, conducted by Dr. Weatherford, was probably the most pregnant one for the interested college man. Each delegate got the benefit of the other fellow's experience and the expert's advice. Society life, College spirit, Athletics and Students organizations, all received their share of attention. The Bible study movement was the subject of the most thorough discussion. Beyond all doubt it is the greatest student movement in the world today. The number of college men in voluntary Bible study throughout the country, is astonishing to those unacquainted with its progress. Thoughtful students recognize the unavoidable fact, that real education demands a knowledge of the greatest book in the world.

Every afternoon were devoted to athletics and the contests in tennis, baseball, and on the track between the institutions represented were exciting and exhilarating.

The writer has just attended this Southern Conference and he would urge every fellow who expects to come to school this next year to make every effort to attend either this or the State Student Conference, at the close of his school year. Nothing will so surely and so effectively make him the real college man every student aspires to be.

In conclusion, as an organization the Student Y. M. C. A. of Berea College welcome you who come this year, we invite you most cordially to our association in all its activities and will endeavor to render you any service we possibly can.

Herbert L. Henry, President.
Norman A. Imrie, Gen. Secy.

PRINTING A PAPER

The mechanical work connected with printing a periodical, whether daily, weekly, or monthly differs from that of ordinary manufacture in one important particular—it must be done according to a schedule. If a flour mill receives more orders for flour than it can produce, the order either waits until its turn comes or is given to another mill. An accumulation of orders waiting to be filled is the normal condition of any prosperous manufacturing business. But with a periodical it is different. The full number of copies must be printed and distributed regularly on time, no matter how much trouble or expense it takes to do it. The press cannot start until every line of type and every cut is in perfect shape. One thing waits on another and no man, no matter how hard he works, can do his full part until the previous workers have done theirs. The pressman may have everything in readiness, but he can do nothing until he gets the plates. The stereotypers or electrotypers cannot turn a hand until they get the type forms, and the type forms cannot be passed on to them until every line is correct and every doubtful point verified. The strain of making everything fit into the schedule is very great, in some cases more trying than almost any other form of occupation. The relief which comes when the last thing in each department is successively C. K'd is very welcome, and is marred only by the recurring imminence of another issue of the publication, demanding the same kind of strain, with ever-varying features of delay. Every well-printed publication is a significant achievement of ingenuity and skill, and hard work.—Collier's.

Or the Appendix Ever Heard Of.
The London Lancet assails the morning cup of tea as a very dangerous thing. Ah, the good old times we used to have in this world before the germ theory of disease was invented!

The Artistic Temperament

The woman in black tulle and pearls spoke up sharply. "I am done with the artistic temperament for good and all," she said. "I wash my hands of it."



"Why, Mrs. Bond," protested the debutante, "you have always been the good fairy of artists of every sort and description. What do you mean?"

"I will tell you. Do you know that tall, pallid, seraphic specimen of the race whom I have been introducing to every-

body for the last month—Arthur Loringston."

"Yes; go on," chorused the listeners. "Well, I had met him by the merest chance. I was struck at once by his dreamy, remote air. I learned that he was a musician, a violinist who had studied under excellent masters, had come to Chicago to get some compositions published, had failed and was stranded here without a cent of money. Of course, he didn't blurt this all out as I am doing."

"Exactly," said the others.

"Well, I went home and couldn't get that poor man out of my head. He had given me his address, so I sent for him to lunch with me and discuss matters of business. He came and played for me—divinely! I knew he was indeed an artist the moment he drew his bow across the strings of that violin. But you have heard him yourselves. Then I catechized him. The upshot of the matter was that I persuaded him, after numerous interviews, long arguments, an incalculable expenditure of diplomacy and a patience not native to my soul, to let me introduce him to some of the vaudeville managers in town."

"Base woman! Corrupter of genius!" were the protests.

"Well, you may imagine the trouble I had to get even a hearing for those unfortunate vaudeville managers with my artist of the temperament. He doubted if he would not be debasing his calling to so much as consider the project. And all the time there he was, starving!"

"That, by the way, was why you got up that subscription, wasn't it, Mrs. Bond?" interrupted a young man at her right.

"Yes," admitted she. "I simply couldn't see him perish with that genius of his. And I knew he must get hungry between my lunches and teas. He didn't mind the subscription at all."

"How did he come out with the autocrats of the drama?" inquired her host.

"Beautifully. They listened hopefully. Oh, such trouble as I had getting those appointments. But you know it takes time to arrange these little matters. In the midst of the negotiations, just when everything looked rosiest, my friend of the temperament disappeared. Simply dropped out of sight, leaving no word of explanation for me."

"What had happened?"

"In ten days he returned—with a wife! If you will believe me, that insane youth had gone and married a little country girl, as inexperienced and helpless and altogether impossible as himself—on his prospects!"

"Then I had them both on my hands. I couldn't let them die in the street. And there was something awfully appealing about Arthur Loringston. His wife was a sweet little thing, too, though I had hard work to forgive her for ruining his career by marrying him just at that time."

"So I set valiantly to work once more. Arthur had decided that he must study in Paris. He really seemed to have an idea about it. I agreed with him meekly that vaudeville was but a poor excuse for art and hardly worth a man's best efforts. Then after weeks of scheming and planning and wire-pulling I was ready for my coup d'état. What those weeks cost me in broken engagements, weariness of the flesh and self-sacrifice no one knows!"

"Poor Mrs. Bond!" murmured a listener.

"Finally the day arrived which was to make my artistic friend's fortune, to assure him of his chance to study in comfort and dignity. Six of the most important people of musical sympathies in the city had consented to give an hour of their time to meet and hear him play. I knew the victory was already won."

"Well, we met, and we waited. I knew they were fidgeting and, as for me, I was shaking with fright. Forty minutes we waited in a dreary pretense of sociability, and finally we parted. Arthur Loringston had broken that appointment! I was sick with mortification, but I was also alarmed."

"My poor friend," I thought. "What terrible accident has prevented his coming?"

"The next day I met him on the street. He came up to me coolly, smiling, appealing as ever, cheerful, yet with his little air of dreaminess."

"Dear Mrs. Bond," he said, "I was sorry to disappoint you yesterday, but it was unavoidable. My wife had a little attack of home-sickness, so naturally I was compelled to deny myself the pleasure of meeting your friends!"

"And that," said Mrs. Bond, "is why I have renounced the artistic temperament and all its works."

PUT TWAIN AT TOP

HUMORIST DECLARED LAZIEST MAN IN NEWSPAPER GAME.

Printing Office "Cub" Relates How Forty Years Ago the Popular Writer Would Bribe Him Not to Be Disturbed.

W. Landsittel is the grizzled foreman of the Lyons Republican, which is the Republican organ of Wayne county, New York.

"I've been in this business for 50 years now," he said to a reporter as he stroked his gray mustache, "and I have seen some lazy people in my time. Yes, sir, while the newspaper business is exacting and telling on the nerves, it does harbor some real lazy folks from time to time."

"Whom do you consider the champion lazy man of the newspaper game?" he was asked.

"That is so easy to answer," was his reply, with a wan smile. "Almost any of the real old-timers in this business would give you his name right off the bat. Why, Mark Twain holds the belt."

The Republican's foreman reflected. "I was a printer's devil on the Buffalo Express 40 years ago," he said, "and one of my duties was to sweep the room where reporters and editors worked. Every day during the time that Mark was a partner in the publication of the Express I was bribed by him in the cause of rest and ease. I would sweep every corner of that room, and when I came to Mark's desk, on which his feet reposed, he would look me over and ask me to go away. 'I don't want my part of the office cleaned up,' he would say. 'Please don't make me move, I'm so comfortable.' Then he would give me a nickel to get away from him and leave him in his own corner without any of the debris of the business cleared away. He would rather die there in the dust and truck than cross his legs or tilt his chair back so that I could sweep up."

Brother Landsittel stopped the press long enough to find out what was chipping the corners of his pages as they were swept downward from the big rollers.

"Yes, sir," he ruminated, "he was certainly lazy. One day he gave me a nickel to dot an 'i' in his copy for him. He did certainly enjoy life, that man did."

Women and the Stage.

David Belasco was in his best mood at a dinner at the St. Regis preceding his vacation—his first vacation in 20 long, hard years.

Mr. Belasco, in the course of a learned review of barefoot dancing, problem plays and such like outcroppings of stage history, smiled, and said:

"It may be true, as some have claimed, that immoral plays are due to the immoral taste of woman. Yes, that may be true; but, gentlemen, did you ever watch at the theater an elderly, staid, perhaps somewhat unprepossessing wife, brooding over a husband a little younger than herself? These wives, surely are no supporters of the immoral stage spectacle."

"Such a wife sat in one of my theaters during the production of a drama. The heroine, a beautiful girl, said at a dramatic moment:

"Merciful heavens, I am undone!"

"The wife rose hurriedly.

"Come, Clarence," she murmured, sternly, "We've had enough of this. I'm not going to have you drinkin' in any Salome dance or disrobin' act."—N. Y. Times.

Small Talk.

A young fellow in Bloomington, Ill., who has been devoting himself for some years to a young woman of that town, recently found himself in a most embarrassing situation just as he had taken his courage in both hands and was "going to ask the girl."

"Harriet," he said, as he shifted his feet uneasily and swallowed the lump in his throat, "I'm anxious to have you—"

"Yes, Mr. Hummer," gently interposed the young woman, by way of encouragement.

"Well—er—Harriet," he again began, "I'm anxious to have you—"

Just then both parents of the young lady entered the room where the lovers sat.

"Oh, Mr. Hummer," said the desperate girl, "what was it you were just telling me?"—Harper's Weekly.

Stromboli's Spasms.

Stromboli, in pouring out streams of lava, is playing a most unusual part. For the remarkable character of this aeolian isle is that it vomits flame persistently and cinders spasmodically. The Lighthouse of the Mediterranean has been known to stick to its function of torch-bearer (without dropping an ounce of tar) for the space of 2,000 years. Whenever the tiny, irregular eruption takes place the stones drop back again into the crater. While the ancients regarded Stromboli variously as the smithy of Vulcan and the headquarters of Aeolus, the men of the Middle Ages looked upon it as the main highway to purgatory.

How it Happened.

"Where'd you get the spring overcoat?"

"Well, you see, I had a sure tip on a horse race."

"I never knew one of those tips to pan out."

"Neither did I. So I didn't play it. Put the money into this overcoat, instead."—Kansas City Journal.

POP WAS TAKING IT ALL IN.

Probability That Bullying Lawyer Would Have Good Cause to Regret His Outburst.

A fresh young lawyer had the insane idea that bulldozing a witness brought about the best results. He was the defendant's attorney in an important case, and naturally was anxious to win. One of the witnesses for the plaintiff was a youngster of perhaps sixteen years of age, red-headed, had a pugnacious hang to his jaw, and as he took his seat in the witness chair he gazed about the courtroom as if he felt perfectly at home. Then the young lawyer got at him.

"What's your name?" bellowed the exponent of Blackstone.

"Bill," was the quiet response.

"Bill what?"

"Bill Watt!" repeated the boy.

"Now, see here, young man, don't get new. I want your name—and quick, too. Again, what is it?"

"Bill Watt—Watt—Watt—Watt—that is it. Do you want me to whistle it?" saucily replied the youngster.

"Oh, I see—your name is Watt—W-a-t-t, eh?" said the lawyer as the audience grinned.

"You're on!" spoke the boy.

"Now, Bill Watt, pay strict attention to the question I'm going to ask you. Listen! Isn't it true that you have sometimes been called a prevaricator?"

"Come again!" was the reply. "I didn't get it right on that."

"A prevaricator—one who tells fibs—you know what fibs are, don't you?" explained the attorney.

"Well, I guess I'm not one of those prevaricator things—not by a long shot. You've got the wrong child, old scout," saucily remarked the red-head.

"Very well," replied the lawyer. "We will let that pass. But now, isn't it true that your father never brought you up in a proper manner; isn't it true that he was rather shiftless, never works, and makes your mother take in washing, and—"

"Say, you—you—" The boy tried hard to get the words in.

"And isn't it true," continued the lawyer, "that he is in fact, a sort of a loafer, and a—"

"Hold on! Hold on there!" cried the boy, this time so everybody could hear him. "What's the use of askin' me them questions. Why don't you ask pop himself—he's sittin' over there on th' jury!"

Liked to Do Man's Work.

Because of the declaration of 17-year-old Annie Bugenorth of Burlington, Conn., that she wore male attire because she liked it, her father, August Bugenorth, a farmer, has been saved from going to jail. He was arrested on complaint of neighbors, who insisted that he forced the garb and the toll upon his daughter to save the wages of a hired man. The father was followed to the lock-up by his daughter in a high state of rage, and, after explanation before the local justice of the peace, the father was discharged. The girl, clad in a rough working suit, overalls and a sombrero, said that she could not be happy without continued life in the open air and plenty of work.

"I can make a man's wages," she said; "and I can have all a man's fun. I'm not doing any harm and I want to be let alone. There are not men enough in this town, anyway. I'm just stepping out of the way to make room for the girls who are so crazy about getting married."

The Painful Way.

"The late Dr. W. T. Bull," said a Philadelphia physician, "had, for a surgeon, unusual knowledge of drugs. His knowledge of narcotic drugs helped on his surgical success. To a patient of Dr. Bull's an operation was almost a pleasure."

"He was once talking about the painful drugs that suicides take, when there are so many deadly drugs of an actually agreeable nature."

"He said one of his patients years ago tried suicide unsuccessfully. In the magistrate's court Dr. Bull testified in the man's behalf, and the magistrate said:

"Well, young man, since you seem to have a good character I'll let you off on condition that you promise not to repeat this experiment."

"I'm not likely to repeat it," said the reclaimed suicide earnestly. "Nobody who has tried Rough on Rats ever tries it again."

Open Air Elementary School.

The Norwich (Eng.) education committee approved the holding of an open air school at Belle Vue, in the Eaton suburb of the city, from the middle of May to the middle of October, for 100 children, to be drawn from the elementary schools on account of some physical weakness. This novel school will be open from half past eight in the morning till half past six or seven at night. The children will be conveyed to and from the school on trams and will have three meals a day there. The school will be open for five days a week for 20 weeks, and voluntary contributions will be invited toward the cost of the meals provided. The object is to improve the children physically and enable them the better to receive their education.

Regretted Experiment.

"I suppose you will do a little gardening this year?"

"No," answered Sirius Barker. "I tried it once. It made me so sympathetic with the people who raise things to eat that I stood for any overcharge the huckster chose to suggest."

IN WASHINGTON

(Continued from First Page)

from the House Uncle Joe did not follow the rule of seniority in selecting them, as the Senate did and as is usual, but dropped Mr. Hill out. Then, in order to balance the reforming tendency of Mr. McCall, the Speaker put in an extra man on the committee, Mr. Fordney of Michigan, who is anything but a reformer along tariff lines, being in fact the recognized representative of the lumber business, which wants high tariff on lumber and timber.

So while Mr. Payne is chairman of the conference committee of the House, he finds himself with four high tariff men against him, Fordney, Dalzell, Boutell and Calderhead, and only one low tariff man to help him, McCall. Under these circumstances it looks as if Speaker Cannon had fixed things up with Senator Aldrich to secure acquiescence on the part of the House conferees in most of the Senate tariff increases.

President Taft came back to town on Friday afternoon to see the bill put through conference in proper form. The most important statement as to his wishes which he has made is that the corporation tax amendment will have to be written over again. During the early part of the week it was altered by Senator Clapp so that companies whose only purpose is to hold stock in other companies must pay a tax on their income from such stock, which has already been taxed through its own company. Mr. Taft will not stand this "double taxation." Another matter in which he is interested is the restoration of low duties on raw materials, the low duties of the House on leather, wool, ore, etc., having been in most cases greatly raised by the Senate. On behalf of the Senate on the other hand, he wishes to see the administrative features of the Senate bill adopted, especially the customs court—a court established to deal only with tariff cases, which will take work off the hands of the Supreme Court.

It is quite possible that Mr. Taft's corporation tax may have a hard fight to keep its place in the bill in conference. It was placed in the bill by the Senate merely for the sake of preventing the passage of an income tax, and now that all danger from the income tax is passed the Senate leaders do not care if it is amended out of existence. At least it is probable that it will be cut in half and made a 1 per cent instead of a 2 per cent tax. The House conferees are anxious to have the inheritance tax take the place of the corporation tax. They passed an inheritance tax originally to give the extra revenue which the corporation tax is designed to furnish, and they say that President Taft was an original inheritance tax man. On the other hand, the older members believe that Congress ought not to oppose an expressed wish of the newly elected President so soon.

None of the House conferees come from the west, northwest or south. New England and the middle west seem to have the saddle. President Taft will be freely consulted during the conference. The conference over the Dingley Bill in 1897 lasted eleven days, and this will probably be of about the same length.

It is rumored that Governor Hughes of New York will be given the first vacancy on the Supreme Bench.

The Wright brothers have repaired their machine, and on Saturday evening resumed their series of flight experiments successfully.

The Civil Service Commission is about to be investigated. It is charged that many government employees do not really come from the states from which they are supposedly appointed, and that many states have far more appointees than their proportionate population entitles them to. Most of these charges are true, but the Civil Service Commission cannot avoid the actions complained of, because they are not allowed to investigate the residence of applicants and because the states which have few appointees simply do not have the applicants for the trained positions.

The year without a summer is the designation applied to 1816. In 1847 a little book was printed called "The Diary of Charles Pierce." He describes the year as follows:

"July, 1816—The medium or average temperature of this month was only 68 degrees, and it was a month of melancholy forebodings, as during every previous month since the year commenced there were not only heavy frosts, but ice, so that very few vegetables came to perfection. It seemed as if the sun had lost its warm and cheering influences. One frosty night was succeeded by another, and thin ice formed in most exposed situations in the country. On the morning of July 5 there was ice as thick as window glass in Pennsylvania, New York and through the New England States. Indian corn was chilled and withered, and the grass was so much killed by repeated

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THE MARKET

Berea Prices

Cabbage, new 2c. per lb.
Potatoes, new 70c. per bu.
Eggs per dozen, 15-16c.
Butter per lb 15c.
BACON—
Salt side, 12½c.
Breakfast Bacon, 15c.
Premium Bacon, 22c.

HAMS—
Country, 14c.
Premium, 15c.

Lard per lb., 12c., Pure 14c.
Fryers on foot 15c. per lb.
Hens on foot 10c. per lb.

Feathers, per lb 35c.
Hay, No. 1 Timothy \$16 per ton.
Common, \$14 per ton.

Corn, \$4.00-\$4.25 per bbl.
Wheat per bu. \$1.00-\$1.10.
Oats, 75c. a bu. in 5 bu. lots.

Cracked corn \$1.90 per 100 lbs.
Wheat screenings \$2.00 per 100 lbs.
Ship stuff \$1.50 to \$1.60 per 100 lbs.

Ties, No. 1, L. & N. 8½x7x9, 45c; culls, 20c.

Live Stock

Louisville, July 13, 1909.

CATTLE—Shipping steers 5 00 6 00
Beef steers and fat heifers 3 35 5 65
Cows 3 30 4 75
Cutters 2 00 3 35

Bulls .90 2 15
Canners 2 00 4 25
Feeders 3 50 4 75
Stockers 2 25 4 50

Choice milch cows 35 00 42 50
Common to fair 15 00 35 00
Cattle market very dull.

CALVES—Best 6 75 7 25
Medium 4 00 6 50
Common 2 50 4 00

HOGS—165 lbs and up 7 50
130 to 165 lbs. 7 15
Pigs 5 00 6 90

Roughs 7.00 down.
SHEEP—Best lambs 8 00 8 25
Butcher lambs 5 75 6 25
Culls 3 00 4 50

Best fat sheep 4 25 down.
MESS PORK \$13.50.

HAMS—Choice, sugar cured, light and special cure, 14½c, and 15c, heavy to medium 14½c.

BREAKFAST BACON 17½c.
SIDES 13½c.
BELLIES, 14½c.

SHOULDERS 11½c.
DRIED BEEF, 15c.

LARD—Pure tierces 12½c, tub 13c, pure leaf tierces 14c, firkins 14½c, tubs 14½c.

EGGS—Case count, 18c.
BUTTER—Packing 18c. Elgin creamery, 60 lb. tubs 27½c, prints 29½c.

POULTRY—Hens 12c, roosters 6c, springers 18 and 21c, ducks, 8c, turkeys, 12c, geese 5c.

WHEAT—No. 2 red \$1.16, No. 3 \$1.15.
OATS—New No. 3 white 56½c, No. 2 mixed 55½c.

CORN—No. 2 white 80c, No. 3 mixed 76c.
RYE—No. 2 Northern 96c.

frosts that grazing cattle could scarcely eat it. Northerly winds prevailed a great part of the month; and when the wind changed to west and produced a pleasant day it was a subject of congratulation by all. Very little rain fell during the month.

August, 1816—The medium temperature of this month was only 66 degrees, and such a cheerless, depressing, melancholy summer month, the oldest inhabitant never, perhaps, experienced. The poor month entered upon its duties so perfectly chilled as to be unable to raise one warm, foggy morning or cheerful sunny day. It commenced with a cold northeast rainstorm, and when it cleared the atmosphere was so chilled as to produce ice in many places half an inch thick. It froze the Indian corn, which was in the milk, so hard that it rotted upon the stalk, and farmers mowed it down and dried it for cattle fodder. Every green thing was destroyed not only in this country but in Europe. Newspapers received from England said: "It will ever be remembered by the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer." Indian corn raised in Pennsylvania in 1815 sold (for seed to plant in the spring of 1817) for \$4 per bushel in many places."

REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The Merchant Prince had sent for the Faithful Clerk, who confronted his master tremblingly.

"Jenkins," said the Merchant Prince, "you have been in my employ for twenty-five years."

"Yes, sir," faltered the Faithful Clerk.

"Twenty-five years today is it not?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, for remembering it."

"Tut, Tut, You have been an honor to the House."

"Thank you again sir."

"You have proved yourself worthy of my confidence."

"Oh, sir."